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Mother Goose Melodies

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MOTHER GOOSE

MELODIES.

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M'LOUGHLIN BRO'S NEW-YORK



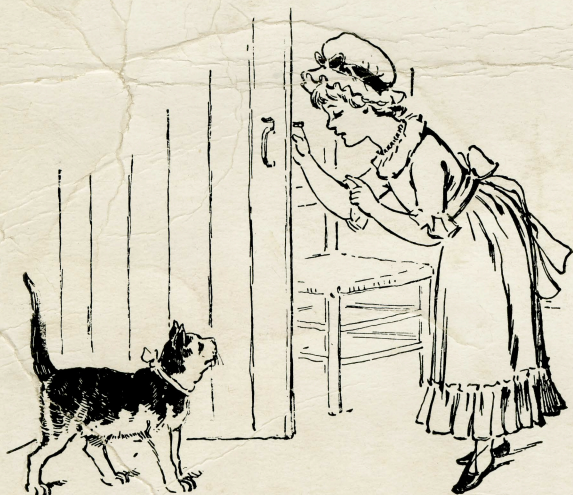
Mother Goose Melodies.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you
been?

I've been to London to see the queen!
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

LITTLE Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find them;
Let them alone,
And they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-Peep
Fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
When she awoke,
She found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeing.

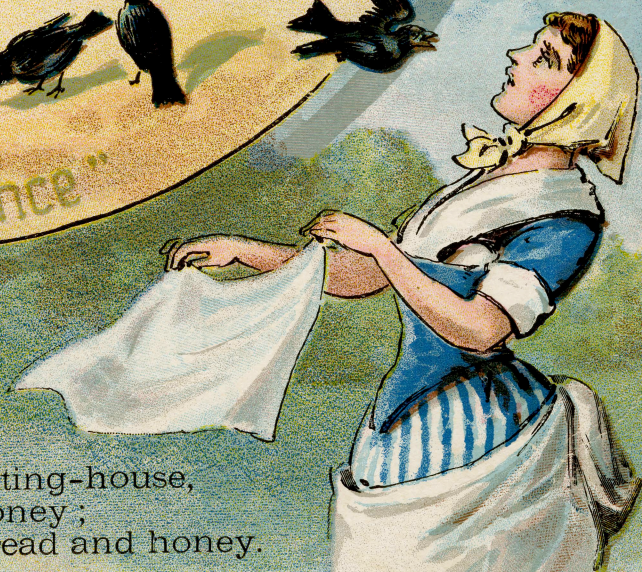
Then up she took
Her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happened one day,
As Bo-Peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by,
There she espied
Their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

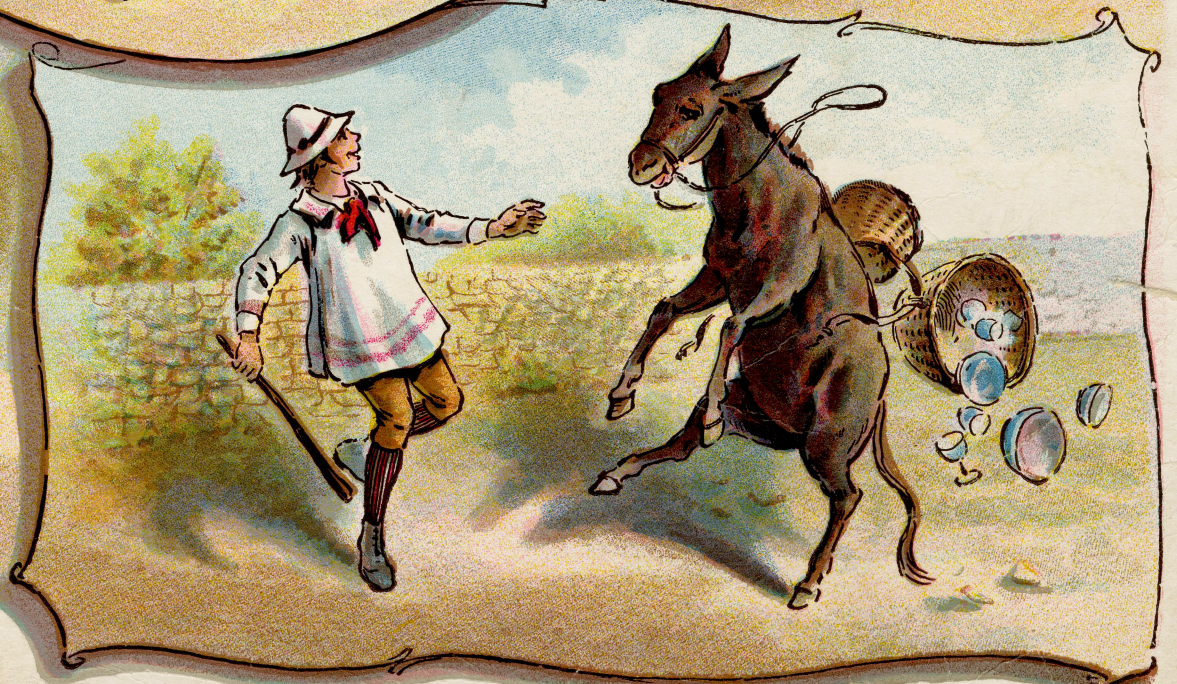
Then she heaved a sigh,
And wiped her eye,
And ran o'er hill and dale-o,
And tried what she could,
As a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail-o.

SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye ;
Four-and-twenty black-birds baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king ?



The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes ;
Down came a blackbird, and pecked off her nose.





Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.



Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.





THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
 lead, lead ;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make ;
To roast the little duck,
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

THERE was an old woman as I've heard tell;
She went to market her eggs to sell;
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

Along came a peddler, whose name was Stout.
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.



When the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk-a-mercy on me, this can't be I!"

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me:
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk-a-mercy on me, this is none of I."



Old King Cole,
 Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he ;
 And he called for his pipe ,
 And he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his fiddlers three .



And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he ;
 "Tweedle dee, Tweedle dee," said the fiddlers,
 "Oh, there's none so rare
 As can compare .
 With King Cole and his fiddlers three "



Ding, dong, bell.



Pussy's in the well.



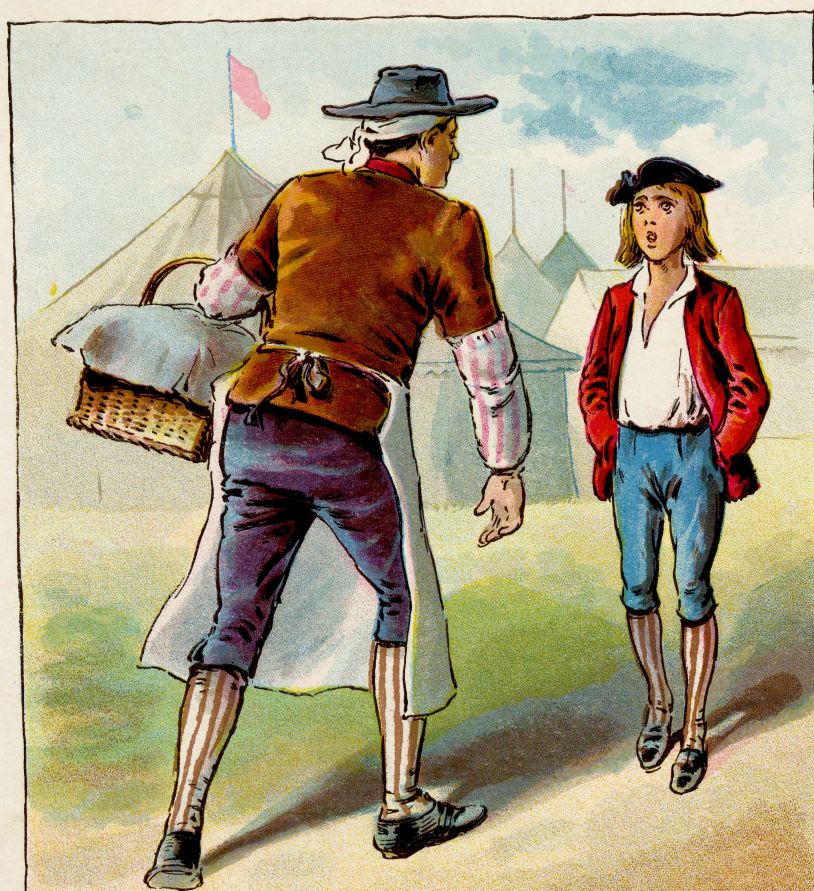
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.



Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Trout.



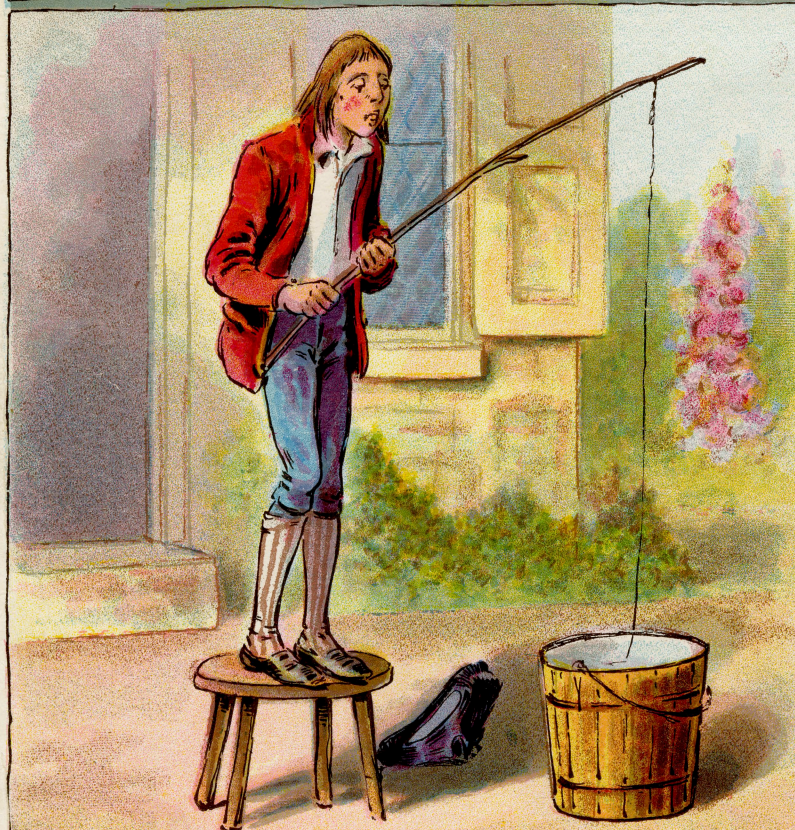
What a naughty Boy was that,
To drown poor Pussy Cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.



SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."



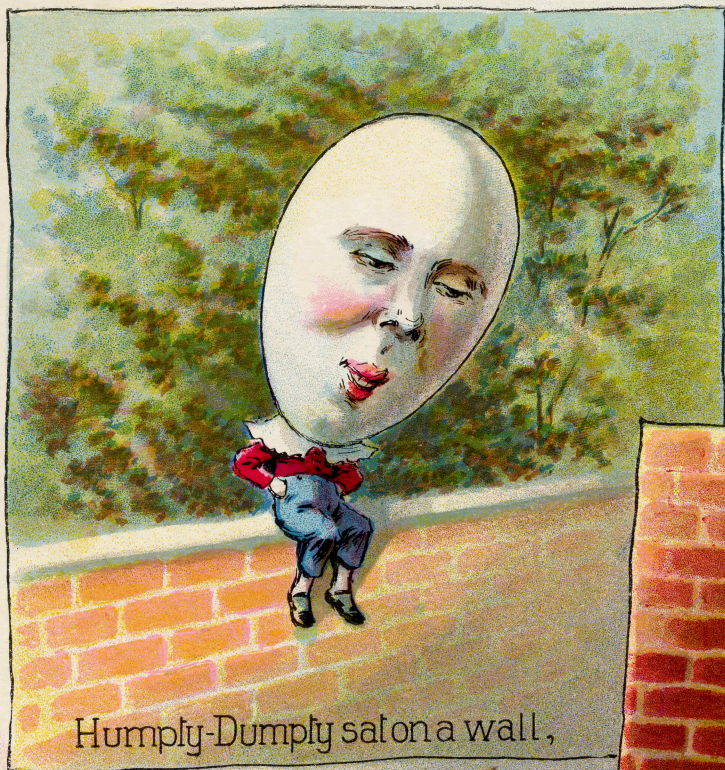
Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."



Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.



He went to shoot a wild duck,
But wild duck flew away;
Said Simon, "I can't hit him,
Because he will not stay."



Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,



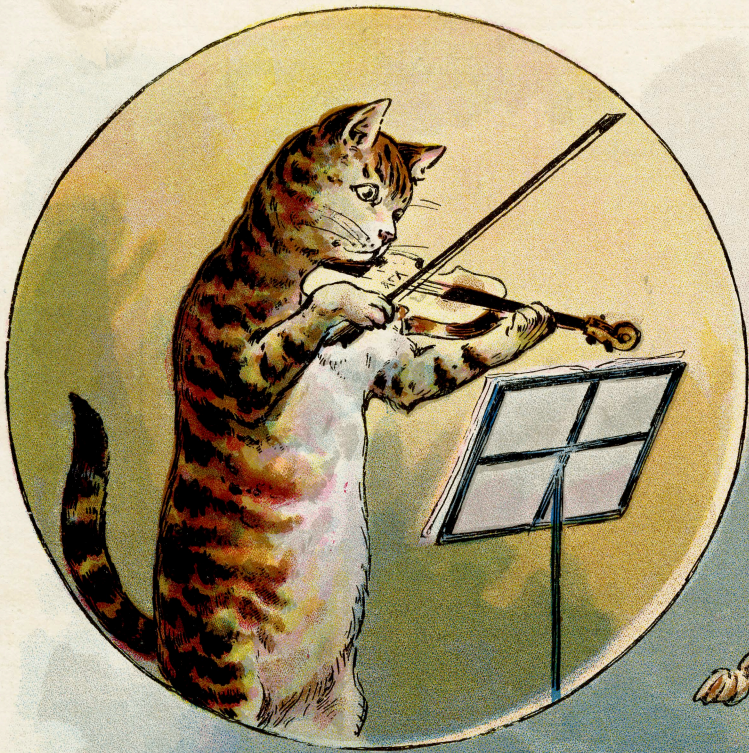
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;



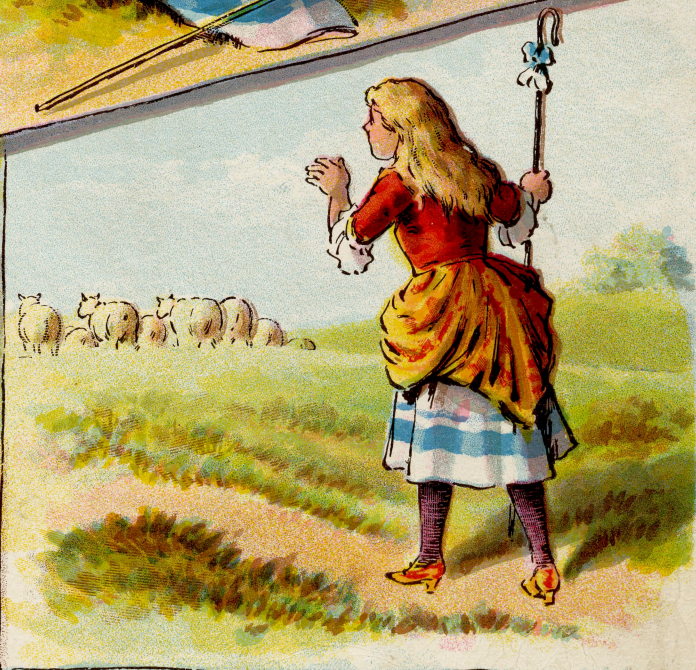
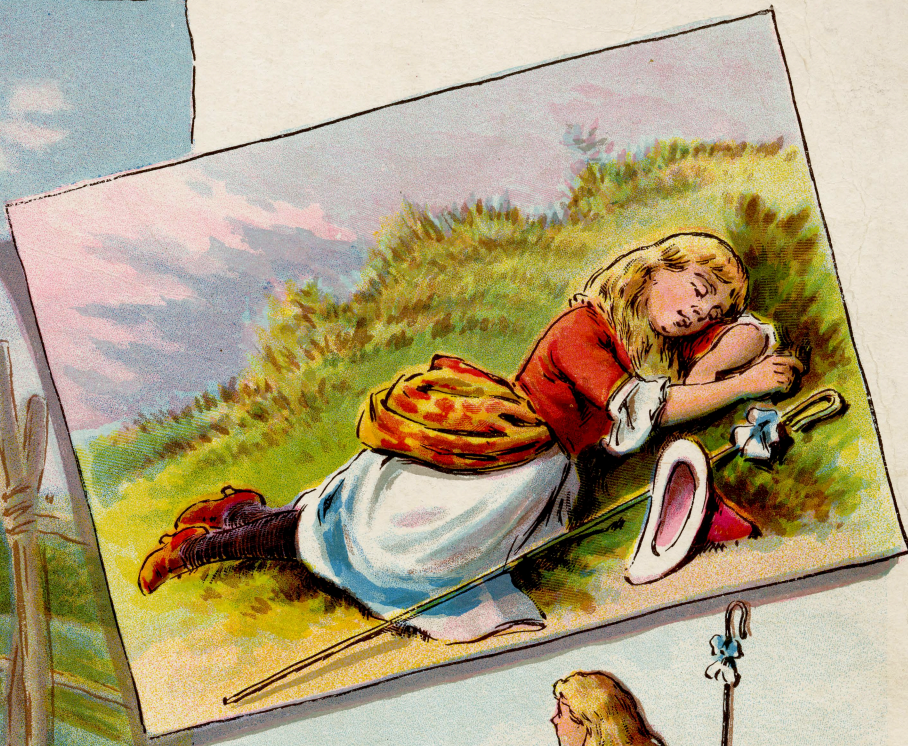
All the King's horses, and all the King's men,
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

[An Egg]

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,



The little Dog laughed to see such sport,
And the Dish ran away with the spoon.

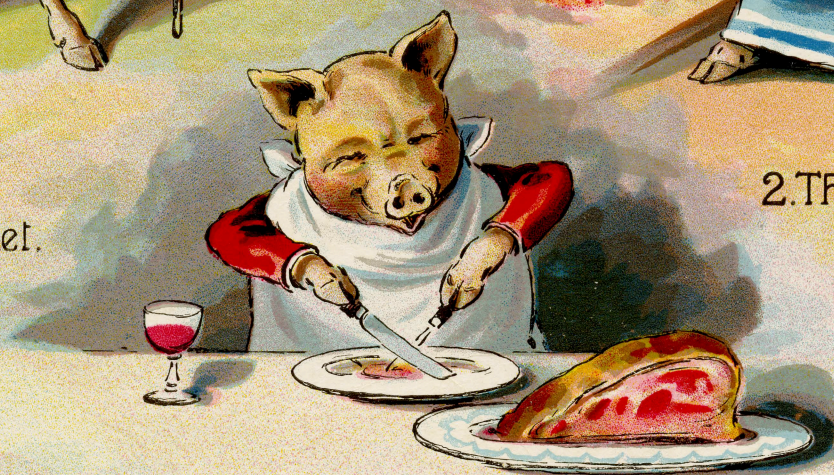




1. This little Pig
went to Market.



2. This little Pig
stayed at Home.



3. This little Pig got roast beef.



4. This little Pig got none.



5. This little Pig
cried wee, wee all the way home.

'Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But the only tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a
noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such
skill,
That those who heard him could never
stand still;
Whenever they heard him they began
to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after
him prance.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket
of eggs;
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all
broke;
She began to fret, but he laughed at
the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and
glass;
He took out his pipe and played them
a tune,
And the Jackass's load was lightened
full soon.

SEE, see. What shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.



My little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about,
I had money, and he had none,
And that's the way the noise begun.

Hot cross buns, hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

If your daughters don't like 'em,
Give them to your sons;

One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

MILKMAN, milkman, where have you been?
In Buttermilk channel up to my chin,
I spilt my milk, and I spoilt my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose.

CRY, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I.

PETER WHITE,
Will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose,
Wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry.

